

You'll find Someone True

by Sean Bean Rocks my Heinz

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Summary: Well...it's a story...that's about it. Jareth is in love with Sarah. Tricks her into going back into the labyrinth in hopes that she will want to stay. Saves her life. She falls in love with him. Have I given too much away? Damn.

You'll find Someone True

You'll Find Someone True

>
disclaimer: Okay, it would be great if I owned Labyrinth but, well I don't so please don't sue me. This is the first (finished) fan fic I've done on my own, so I'd love reviews, even flames if you must. The ending's kinda crappy but I just threw it on at the last moment. But, well, screw you all, you're reading it!

>
I dedicate this to every fraggin' aardvark and singing flower I know!

>
Sarah's eyes fluttered open and instantly flew to the man in the bed beside her. She smiled gently as she moved a of his strand of long, blond hair off his face. A smile tugged at Jareth's lips as he slept, and Sarah couldn't help but think how beautiful he was. She was so lucky that she had found him. She smiled again as she lay her head down on his shoulder and closed her eyes, just enjoying the warmth of his skin and the feel of his arms around her.

>Just then, Jareth slowly awoke and smiled down at her gently.

"Sarah?" he whispered, just checking if she was awake. Her beautiful chestnut eyes opened and looked at him lovingly.

>"Good morning." he murmured, leaning down to place a slow, loving kiss on her tender lips. She kissed him back gently, then, almost regrettably pulling away, she pressed herself against him and told him

>BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

>Sarah's alarm clock woke her from her dream. She sleepily opened her eyes and groaned. This was the part of sleeping she hated most, waking up. And she had been having the most wonderful dream. A dream she had found herself having alot recently, or similar ones anyway. Ever since she had left the Labyrinth, ever since she had said those

fatal words "You have no power over me", these dreams had haunted her. But they weren't unpleasant, in fact she looked forward to them through out the day and felt so depressed when they were over.

She slowly sank back into her pillow and closed her eyes, trying to recover part of her dream, but it was already fading from her mind.

>How could she have known, way back then how those words were going to affect the rest of her life? She had only been 15 at the time. Too young to know any better. She was 19 now, old enough to make her own decisions, live by herself and know when she had feelings for someone. But, in real life you couldn't have feelings for an imaginary Goblin King. Maybe that was why she loved her dreams.

>
Jareth sighed sadly as the image in crystal in his hands faded and went clear. Sarah had woken up. It had taken him weeks and weeks of depression after Sarah had rejected him to see what it had done to her. She had grown up slightly, by putting away all her toys and books, and finally excepting Toby and her Step mother as part of her life, but he noticed she still clung on to the past, still to her mother, still to her dreams, and still to Jareth.

>
It was then he had decided to send her dreams every evening, to see how she felt about him. If she could ever, one day, find it within herself to love him. She still had her own free will within his dreams, and made all her own decisions, but she had not once decided yet to tell him she loved him. Maybe she never would.

>
This thought upset Jareth and he angrily threw the crystal to the floor, smashing it into thousands of pieces.

>
He had been so confused since Sarah left. It wasn't fair. Jareth found a half-hearted chuckle forming in the back of his throat. A phrase he had heard often throughout Sarah's time in the Labyrinth.

>And yet she had conquered every challenge he had thrown at her. He had never wanted to hurt her, even before she called upon him to take away Toby, he had known he was in love with her. And why not, either? She was a beautiful, strong-willed young woman, with an amazing mind and a sense of humour. To make sure she wasn't harmed he had given her an advantage at every moment along the way, no matter how small or unnotable. She may not have believed him, but she had been VERY generous. Hoggle, for example, wasn't it just funny how he was right there when Sarah didn't know how to get out of the oubliette? Or when the Cleaner's were chasing her, how ironic it was that the door suddenly gave in just before she was hurt. He would have never given such an advantage to any other challengers.

>But the pain he had felt after she had gone back to the real world. She had taken everything, and left him with nothing but empty hopes and dreams. He was confused. He was Jareth, King of The Goblins, he had power enough to destroy nations, but here he was, naked and defenceless against a young girl, it wasn't right.

>No one had ever defeated him before, and he had NEVER practically let anyone win.

>"...It MUST be love..." He thought to himself. "Why else would I feel this way for her..."

>Jareth conjured another crystal and looked into it longingly. Sarah was just getting out of her bed, and looking as beautiful as ever, even with her long dark hair in a messy tangle. She always looked beautiful to Jareth, but he was always looking at her through glass.

>

>Sarah pulled the towel around her full, flawless figure, and stepped

out of the bathroom and over to the closet.
She pushed through mountains of clothes, from evening wear to hot pants, until she came across an old favourite of hers. It was a pale green dress she had made herself when she was younger. It was made of curtains but it had made her feel like a real medieval princess. She used to pretend she was one, back in those days, as she played with Merlin in the park, reciting from the Labyrinth Play and pretending to be a famous actress like her mother. She laughed slightly and put it back down. It would be far too small for her tall, curvy figure now. Instead she pulled out her favourite pair of worn blue jeans and a creamy blouse. It had baggy sleeves, a left breast pocket and gold...ish buttons down the front. She slipped into the comfortable embrace of her favourite old clothes and sighed softly, as she yet again reminded herself that she had worn something similar on the night she had went into the Labyrinth. Shaking her head slightly, as if that would clear her mind, she pulled her feet into some old trainers and slipped outside so she could go for a walk during the sunrise.

>

>Jareth paced around his bedroom slowly as he thought his plan out in his head. He had been lonely for so long. He had tried and tried to get through to Sarah to find out, but something always came up before he could. If he were ever going to find out if Sarah truly loved him, he would have to do it in person. But how? He couldn't just show back up in her life after 4 years!

>"Oh, yeah, sure," he mocked himself, "that would work. 'By the way, Sarah, I know it's been a while and the last time we met I stole your brother, but how about a date?'. I think NOT!"

>"...wait..." an idea began to form in his head. "Wait, wait, wait..."

>
Sarah sighed softly into the crisp morning air. She had jogged all the way over from her apartment to the park and her muscles protested doing anything more for a while. She sat down on the old wooden bench and watched as the sun rised slowly from behind the trees. The birds sweet melody to their hungry babes was interrupted by an owl's hoot. Sarah jumped and instinctively turned around, almost expecting to see.....an old barn owl....out late....oh.

>
"Stupid Sarah, stupid!"

>
She knew Jareth couldn't come back to her. The thought saddened her.

>
Why am I doing this to myself? She thought angrily. I am a normal teenager, with a normal life, and I most certainly DON'T feel anything for Jareth!

>
She folded her arms across her chest and refused to acknowledge the gnawing feeling that none of that was entirely true.

>
Suddenly, a familiar rich english accent floated to her ears.

>
"Hello, Sarah"

>
She turned, stunned, but sure enough, behind her , stood Jareth, Goblin King, as handsome as ever in cool grey knee-high boots, black leather trousers and a loose white shirt. His long blond hair floated behind him, lifted by a gentle breeze. She thought she could almost hear a slight nervous tone in his perfect accent.

>
"...Jareth?"

>
He smiled slightly.

>
"....what....what are you doing here?" Sarah forced the shake out of her voice and prayed she sounded more confident than she felt.

>
A look of hurt flashed in Jareth's eyes, but a split second

later, it was gone.

>
"I've come to demand a re-match."

>
"WHAT? Jareth, I beat you fair and square. There is no chance in Hell that you are going to get your hands on Toby I tried so hard and you are not-"

>
"Sarah." His sharp, clean tone cut through Sarah's prattling. "Toby is fine. He will be left out of this. This is just a re-match between you and I."

>
"What must I do?" She narrowed her eyes.

>
"Conquer the Labyrinth within 13 hours. No more no less."

>
"And if I can't?"

>
"You must stay in my Labyrinth forever."

>
She smiled smugly. "What if I refuse to do this?"

>
The hurt came back to Jareths eyes. "Sarah, you must do this!"

>
"Why?"

>
"Because..." He seemed unprepared for this question.

"Because..." It was Jareth's turn to smile smugly. "It is the only way you will ever be able to let that part of your past go."

>
Sarah turned away from him.

>
"Admit it Sarah, you find yourself thinking about it don't you? You've had dreams...."

>
"...if...." She swallowed nervously, as if ready to sign away her soul. "If I win...you will never bother me or Toby again. Never."

>
"You have my word. But, did I forget to mention, the Labyrinth is just as complicated as she who tries to defeat it. It is as big a web of treachery and deciept as your own mind, Sarah. Always saying one thing and meaning another...hiding things from itself....since you have grown up, it will be very different from what it once was."

>
"I've defeated you once, Jareth, I can do it again."

>
"Very well. You have 13 hours in which to solve your labyrinth before you are trapped in it, forever."

>
Jareth disappeared into thin air.

>
"Cheap trick." she muttered under her breath. She looked around her and did not recognise where she was. She knew it was not the park, but it didn't look like part of the Labyrinth. She was in a forest, but not the one she had come across the Wild Firey Creatures in. This one had a crystal clear lake, spotted with stepping stones, and beautiful evergreen trees that reached the blood red sky.

>
"Better get started" She muttered to herself.

>
As she gazed around her, she saw Jareth's castle in the distance, but when she walked towards it, it seemed further away.

>
"I know how to do this..." She groaned to herself as she racked her brain, trying to remember.

>
She stepped forward again, and got a step further away.

>
"Dammit, I'm going one step forward and two steps back, minus the step forward..." Suddenly it came to her.

>
"Two steps back..." Slowly, she began stepping back the way, and sure enough, the castle seemed closer. Finally, she had backstepped her way out of the forest and into a clearing. Now she could walk normally again. She found herself in front of a gianormous purple mountain.

>
"I can't climb that!" she choked. "It has to be two or three times the height of Mount. Everest!!!"

>
She couldn't see the castle anywhere. It was as if it had disappeared from existence.

>

>Jareth watched Sarah's confused expression in his crystal. He wasn't sure whether to be glad or upset that Sarah was losing. It would be wonderful if she stayed, but it wouldn't be her own free choice. She would never learn to love Jareth if she was his prisoner.
His plan had only gone up to getting her into his Labyrinth. But just seeing her in the flesh again had been enough to make him crazy. She was even more beautiful than he remembered, and her beauty wasn't entirely portrayed on his crystals.

>He just hoped that miracles could happen within 13 hours.

>
Sarah had finally found a way around the mountain and was now fighting her way through giant rose bushes. She felt like The Prince from "Sleeping Beauty".

>
"Why does this always happen to me?" she grumbled as she fought her way through thorn bushes.

>
"I am a perfectly nice person. I don't do things like this to other people. It's not fair."

>
As if on cue, Jareth appeared right then.

>
"Oh great," she snapped. "Just what I need."

>
"If you do not want my help, Sarah, I will not offer you it." And with that, he disappeared.

>
"Jareth....please...come back..." she sighed.

>
Sarah sat down on the tiny clearing she has managed to make. Her hands throbbed and blood dripped over her fingers. She clutched her head in her hands and sobbed. This wasn't fair, why had she agreed to it. As Sarah opened her eyes, she caught a glimmer of light. Just below her on the ground was a beautiful silver sword, encrusted with emeralds and rubies.

>
"It's beautiful..." she murmured as she picked it up and examined it.

>
Suddenly, she realised what the sword was for. Within minutes, Sarah had cut and sawn her way out of the thorns and was out in open land again.

>
"YES!!!" she cried and done a little hop in the air.

>
There was a strange feeling in her hands and she looked down to them. The scratches and wounds the thorns had caused were closing over before her very eyes.

>
Shocked, Sarah dropped the swords and stared at her hands as if she has never seen them before.

>
A soft hiss came from the ground. Sarah jumped back, expecting to see a snake, but the beautiful silver sword was dissolving before her eyes. It turned into purple smoke and diffused through the air, turning into nothing before it came to Jareth's castle.

>
I don't know what just happened... Sarah thought to herself. But I don't have enough time to wonder about it now. I've wasted about an hour in that rose bush, and that's an hour I can't afford to waste.

>

>Jareth knew he shouldn't have helped her. Or at least not have made it so obvious but she had been in pain, covered in scratches and cuts, he couldn't stand to see her so upset. He had to help her.

>Seeing her call for him had given him hope, maybe that was why he had gone over the top and given her the sword. But on the other hand,

he was just helping her forget about him. If he won...he was never to see her again. He had promised, and that meant even on his crystals. What was he going to do?
>
Sarah had found herself by another lake. It was even more beautiful than the first, and surrounded by giant (thornless) flowers.
>Sarah observed her surroundings and tried to decide where was best to go from there, when all of a sudden, a small voice beside her said
>"Mornin', mistress."
>Sarah blinked in surprise and looked around her until she found the owner of the voice. A tiny fairy. Sarah folded her arms across her chest.
>The fairy laughed.
>"Dun' worry, miss, I won' bite."
>"Sorry."
>"That's alright, miss. If ya dun' min' ma askin' ya, what is you doin' in this place anyway?"
>"I....don't really know myself...."
>The fairy nodded her head towards the castle.
>"Did the master summon ya? He summons alot of youn' yuns. I s'ppose you'll be lookin' for a baby."
>"No...I...Jareth...uh...the master, asked for a rematch against me."
>"A rematch? Against you? Why, mistress, I'm terribly sorry! I...I didn't know it was you!"
>"What are you talking about?" Sarah laughed.
>"Why, the 'hole kingdom knows 'ho you are. You're like a c'lebr'ty 'round these parts! You're the only person ever to beat the master."
>"So that's why he summoned me!" Sarah fumed. "He wants a perfect record!"
>"Dun be angry, mistress! I think you'll find that the master isn't ent'rely what ya seem ta think..."
>"I know, I know...'things aren't always what they seem in this place'."
>"Somethin' like that." She giggled, as if sharing a private joke.
>"Ma name's Lavendar," Sarah noticed how Lavendar had changed the subject before Sarah could question her.
>"And I'll give ya some advice. When you're in these parts, there are 3 things ya must remember.
1, ne'er smell the flowers.
2, ne'er drink the water an'
3, ne'er fall asleep."
>
"But why no-"
>
"Sorry, mistress, that's all I can say. Good luck, an' I hope it all works out."
>
"Hope what all works out?" Sarah demanded.
>
Lavendar just giggled and disappeared.
>
"Gee, how helpful." Sarah groaned sarcastically, and continued on her way. The castle was still so far away.
>
"Things sure were easier when I had Hoggle, Ludo and Diddimus by my side." Sarah sighed softly. She missed her friends terribly. "Why did I agree to do this?!" She asked herself for the hundreth time that day.
>
"If you don't know," came a beautiful voice from beside her. "Then how should we?"
>
"Yes, yes! How should we?" giggled thousands of little voices.

>
Sarah looked around her, but no one was there, not even a fairy or an insect.

>
"Who said that?" Sarah asked, suspiciously.
>
"Why, us of course!"
>
"Who? Where are you?"
>
"We're right beside you!"
>
Sarah looked around her again, but still, no one was there.

>
"The flowers, silly!"
>
"The flowers?"
>
Sarah looked towards a giant patch of Violets.
>
"Did...did you speak just there?"
>
"It took you long enough!"
>
"I'm sorry...I didn't know you-"
>
"It was those Dahilias that were distracting you. They're perfume is awful! It completely messes you up!"
>
"That's not true!" snapped the Dahilias. "You're just jealous because we possess so much more beauty than you."
>
"We're the most beautiful of all!" Declared the Poppies.

>
"Not any more beautiful than us!" said the Deadly Nightshade.

>
"Why don't we let the girl decide?" suggested the wise Marigolds.
>
"Yes, that's a great idea!"
>
"She'll decide"
>
"Umm...you are all very beautiful...there is...uh...there is no way to decide." Sarah thought that answer to be best. If she just chose one flower, the others would go against her.
>
"No! We are all very different!" sniffed the Forget-Me-Not's.

>
"Why, she hasn't smelled our sweet perfume yet!" The Melissa Flowers noticed.
>
"Yes! Of course! How can she decide before she's smelled our sweet scents!"
>
"Go on, go on!" The flowers shouted. "We haven't got all day."

>
"Tell us who's best!"
>
Smell the flowers? Lavendar the fairy had warned her not to. If eating a peach caused hallucinations in this place, what would smelling a flower do to her?
>
"I...I don't think I should."
>
The flowers gasped in unison.
>
Sarah quickly continued "A fairy told me not to an-"
>
"A FAIRY!?" yelled the Hyacinths in disgust.
>
"Are you suggesting, that our beauty and perfumes are unattractive?!" demanded the Columbines.
>
"No, no, it's just that-" Sarah desperately tried to make amends.
>
"Just what?" growled the Alyssum.
>
"I...I..."
>
"We have the sweetest perfumes...." The Bleeding Hearts provoked her. "Smell for yourself." They blew back and forth in the breeze, wafting their perfumes towards her. Sarah tried to hold her breath but the scent was over whelming. She began to feel giddy.
>
"Who cares what some dumb old fairy says?" she giggled. "You're all so pretty!!!"
>
Sarah began skipping from one flower to the next.
>
"You smell just like flowers!!!" she informed the Lilacs.

>
"I'm kinda woozy...."
>
"Why don't you have some water? It'll sober you up." suggested

the Ageratum.

>
"I'm not drunk. Do I look drunk to you?" she groaned as she stumbled over to the lake. "Am I drunk?"

>
"Yes."

>
"Aaaaaaaaaw....I'm drunk, I'm drunk, I'm drunk, I'm drunkdrunkdrunkdrunk!!!"

>
Sarah scooped up a handful of water and complained "It's so wet..."

>
But she drank it anyway.

>
"Omigod!!!" she cried. "I'm not supposed to drink the water!"

>
"That's your fourth!" announced the PrimRoses.

>
"Really?" she giggled. "Four?! This stuff is good! What's in it?"

>
"Water."

>
"I need the receipe!" she snorted and took another handful.

>
Sarah yawned. "I'm so sleepy....maybe...I should....have...a...nap...." She tried to fight the over-powering tiredness, but with the grass so soft beneath her, and the flowers singing her lullabyes, she was soon fast asleep.

>

>"SARAH!!!" Jareth yelled into his crystals. "Sarah wake up!! Wake up now, or all is lost!!!" He wailed, but it was too late.

>"This wasn't supposed to happen!"

>

>Vines had begun to grow beneath Sarah and wind their way around her legs. Flowers could look perfectly innocent, but even they could be evil underneath. Sarah wasn't even aware that she was dying in her sleep.

>
Jareth had no time to lose. This was completely against everything he was meant to stand for, but what good were standards when your heart was in danger? Jareth had already turned the 13 hour clock back to nothing. Sarah didn't need anything more to worry about.

>

>The vines were already at her waist, squeezing into her painfully, cutting off her circulation.

>
Jareth had never transformed into an owl and flew into the Labyrinth so quickly before, he was dizzy from going so fast, but he couldn't stop now, Sarah was in peril, and that was all that mattered right then.

>

>The vines were working their way around her petite shoulders, squeezing at her body like a snake going in for the kill.

>

>Jareth could see the clearing where Sarah was lying. He would be there in a few seconds, but that was a few seconds Sarah didn't have.

>

>The vines were wrapping themselves around Sarah's neck. Choking her. She couldn't breathe.

>
Jareth landed just as Sarah's head disappeared beneath a weave of vines. He tore at them frantically. Shouting Sarah's name, praying that she was alright. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Jareth pulled a coughing, shaking Sarah, from the vines. He pressed her against his chest and kissed her head with every word he spoke. "Sarah, I'm so, so sorry, this wasn't meant to happen, I didn't mean for this to happen, I didn't know, they weren't meant to do this, not to you, Sarah I lo-"

>
Sarah turned in his arms and looked up at him weakly.

>
"Jareth?"

>
"Sarah I--"

>
Before he could say anything more, Sarah fainted in his arms.

>
"I love you..." He finished.

>
Gingerly, he lifted her up, and carried her back to his castle.

>

>
When Sarah woke up, she was in an unfamiliar place. She was lying on a four-poster bed, spread with silk sheets and satin pillow cases. It took her a while to figure out where she was.

>
"Is this....Jareth's castle?" She wondered out-loud.

>
" 'is bedroom ta be exact." A familiar voice informed her.

>
"Lavendar?"

>
"I saw ya when those flowers got ya drunken!"

>
"I wasn't drunk!" she retorted, ashamed of herself. "I was just....happy..."

>
"Sure ya were, mistress."

>
It was Sarah's turn to change the subject.

>
"Why am I in Jareth's...bedroom?"

>
"The master lay ya in 'ere after he saved ya. Said I was ta look after ya till ya woke up."

>
"He...saved me?"

>
"From the vines. They're evil those things. Wait until someone falls asleep, then binds 'em up like a spider in a web. Eats 'em they do. choke ya ta death, then eats ya." She shuddered. "Awful things, they are."

>
Sarah thought back, she DID remember seeing Jareth after the scenario with the flowers. He had said something to her, but what was it?

>
"But...why did Jareth save me? And why bring me here? I mean, if I made it to his castle, then I win..."

>
"I think the master 'ad more impo'an' things ta worry about than you winnin'."

>
"What do you mean?" Sighed Sarah, exasperated. She wished people would just say what they meant instead of talking in riddles all the time.

>
"You'll see soon enough, miss. But if ya don'ts mind, I've gotta tell the master you're awake."

>
And with that she disappeared.

>
"Dammit!"

>
Sarah looked around the room, as if expecting it to give her a clue. All she could see were stone walls, an onyx door, a fireplace, a portrait of herself, a window, a shelf, A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF?!

>
Sarah gaped at it in wonder, but sure enough, it was her. Well, the younger her. When she was 15. She was wearing a beautiful dress. The one she had worn in her hallucination.

>
"Oh God...why does Jareth have this...?"

>
Sarah struggled to remember what it was Jareth had said to her. She KNEW the answer lay in there somewhere.

>
Right then, Jareth burst into the room. He ran straight over to her, and knelt down beside her. Without even as much as a "Hello" he asked

>
"Are you alright?"

>
This was the first time Sarah had ever seen concern in his eyes.

>
"I...uh...yes. I think so."
>
Jareth sighed a breath of relief.
>
"Oh Thank GOD! I am so dreadfully sorry for what happened, I never meant for it to happen and -"
>
"Jareth?"
>
"Yes, Sarah?" he sighed, taking a deep breath.
>
"What did you say to me?"
>
"I said I'm so dreadfully sorr-"
>
"No, before that. After you saved me."
>
"I said..." Jareth stopped and looked into her eyes. For a moment, he looked deep in thought, then, he turned away from her. "I didn't say anything."
>
"Oh."
>
"Rest here for a while. When you're better, I'll send you back home."
>
"WHAT?" Sarah asked, shocked.
>
"I promised if you made it to my castle, I'd send you home. I'll never bother you or Toby again. I promised."
>
"Jareth, I...I"
>
Jareth turned around, and Sarah swore she could see a glimpse of hope in his eyes.
>
"...thank you."
>
The hope left Jareth's eyes.
>
"Please....don't mention it."
>

>"I let her go..." Jareth muttered to himself again. "I could have made her stay, I could have told her how I felt, but I let her go. I'm such a fool."

>He yelled at himself, his words echoing around the empty Achter room.

>"I'm a FOOL! Why couldn't I have told her how I felt? Why couldn't I have said it? Three little words, dammit! I. Love. you. I LOVE YOU!!!"
His words echoed down the hall leading to Jareth's bedroom.

>

>"I still don't believe he's letting me go..." Sarah muttered to herself again. "He could have made me stay, since it wasn't really me who won, but, he's letting me go..."

>Sarah looked at the portrait again.

>"Why is he doing this? I'm sure if I remembered what he said then I would know."

>Sarah sighed. This was going to tear her apart. "He said....he said...he said..."

>"I love you..." came a whisper from the hall.

>"I love you... ILOVE YOU?" Sarah jumped up. Had she heard correctly? Running out into the hall, she stood by the half open door and watched Jareth.

>"Sure, sure, you can tell her you love her when she's unconscious and half dead in your arms, but when she's looking in to your eyes trustingly, what do you do? NOTHING!"

>Sarah leaned back against the wall. What did this mean? If Jareth had feelings for her, then could she ever...

>Right then, Jareth noticed her.

>His perfect skin took on a slight pink tone.

>"You're....ready to leave? So soon?"

>"Jareth...I....I...."

>"What is it Sarah?"

>"I...don't want to go back."

>"you don't?"

>"Right now."

>"Oh. Well uh..." Jareth put on his usual air of importance.
"Well...why not? Don't want to go back to a life full of toys and costumes?"

>Sarah sighed as she struggled to figure things out in her head. she took a few steps closer to Jareth.

>"It's just that...I....I..."

>"Yes?"

>Sarah looked up into his beautiful, mis-matched eyes. "I..."

>He looked at her expectantly, and before either of them knew what she was doing, she was kissing him. And it was the most wonderful experience either of them had ever felt. Jareth was shocked, but after a few moments, he kissed her back gently, then, almost regrettably she pulled away, and told him "I love you."

>Jareth smiled happily. "You have no idea how long I've been waiting to hear you say that." He kissed her again, a long, gentle. loving kiss. Then looked into her eyes and said "I love you too."

>And from that day on, like all good fairy tales, they lived happily ever after.

> <p><p>

End
file.